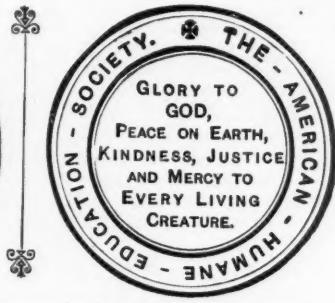


# Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR  
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK  
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 25.

Boston, October, 1892.

No. 5.

## THE LABOR PROBLEM.



SHALL IT BE THIS—OR HUMANE EDUCATION OF RICH AND POOR?

### A HUMANE CONGRESS OF ALL NATIONS AT THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

At our World's Columbian Exposition several International Congresses are to be in session for the discussion of great commercial and other questions in which all civilized nations are interested.

I have been and am now writing to influential gentlemen in different parts of our country, to urge them to aid in establishing at the Exposition "A HUMANE CONGRESS OF ALL NATIONS," and invite the humane of all nations to attend that Congress, its object being to discuss and ascertain the best plans of *humanely educating* all civilized nations, not only for the prevention of national and international wars, and the conflicts between capital and labor, but also for the best prevention of every form of cruelty both to our own and the lower races that depend upon our care.

Such a Congress, if properly directed, may attract the attention of the governments and people of all nations, and result in consequences to the world's progress in civilization as important as the discovery of this Western continent by Columbus four hundred years ago.

Will the something like twenty thousand editors, including all in North America north of Mexico, to whom this communication is sent, in the interests of humanity, kindly give it their careful consideration and most important assistance.

GEO. T. ANGELL,  
President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

### Humane Education—\$700 in Prizes to be given by the American Humane Education Society.

The following letter, in larger type, is being sent to all the gentlemen named below. We hope through it to attract the attention of some seventy thousand or more of our American

students to the importance of the humane education of our American people.

To the Presidents of all Universities, Colleges, and Theological Seminaries, Protestant and Roman Catholic, in the United States of America.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF — :

Dear Sir,—Some years since I had the pleasure of offering to all American students in our higher institutions of learning a prize for the best essay on "the effect of humane education on the prevention of crime," and of sending to their libraries bound volumes of our humane publications, and, to be distributed among their students, some 70,000 copies of condensed humane information.

At a later period I had the pleasure of offering to the editors of the about twenty thousand American newspapers and magazines, to whom our monthly paper "Our Dumb Animals" is regularly sent, a similar prize of \$300 for the best essay on the same subject, and of sending to all of them also condensed humane information.

Since that time our "American Humane Education Society" has been incorporated by the legislature of Massachusetts, with power to hold half a million of dollars free from taxation, and has been doing, through its missionaries and otherwise, a widely extended work in this country,—distributing vast amounts of humane literature—sending "Our Dumb Animals" monthly to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico—printing and causing to be printed, in the English, German, Italian, Dutch, and Swedish languages, between one and two millions copies of "Black Beauty," which it is also now printing and getting ready to print in Spanish, French, Arabic, and Hindostani, and contemplates printing in other languages. It has also offered prizes to the amount of upwards of two thousand dollars in various ways for the promotion of our humane work.

We now number on our roll over **fourteen thousand "Bands of Mercy"** formed in every State and Territory but Alaska.

This is only a *brief statement* of a part of the recent work of our "American Humane Education Society," undertaken for the purpose of *humanely educating the American people*.

In extension of this work I now have the pleasure of ordering your name put on the free list of "Our Dumb Animals" and sending you sample copies of back numbers, also two books published by the Society, which I am sure will interest nearly all of you, and of requesting that you will kindly make known to all your students the following prize offers:—

“Namely: I offer, in behalf of the “American Humane Education Society,” to all students in American Colleges, Universities, and Theological Schools, in the United States of America, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, the sum of \$200 for the best essay on the importance of humane education in all our higher institutions of learning—the object being to prevent civil and international wars and crimes of violence, protect property and life, and promote peace on earth and good will not only to our own race, but to the dumb races that toil and die in our service, minister to our comfort and happiness, and depend on our protection and care.

For the next best essay I offer a prize of \$150; for the next best a prize of \$100, and for the next best \$60; also three other prizes of \$100, \$60, and \$40 for the best practical plans of promoting increased humane education in our higher institutions of learning before named, none of the essays to exceed six thousand words.

“The prize essays, with names of writers and of the colleges or schools to which they belong, I intend to send in pamphlet form to the editors of all newspapers and magazines in North America north of Mexico, in the same manner I am now sending them monthly the paper “Our Dumb Animals,” which it is my privilege to edit.

The committee or committee to decide upon the merits of the essays will be appointed by the Hon. Wm. T. Harris, National Commissioner of Public Education, Washington, D. C., the Right Reverend Phillips Brooks, D. D., Bishop of Massachusetts, and the Very Reverend William Byrne, D. D., Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Boston, and will be carefully selected and sufficiently large to give proper consideration to every essay. They will award prizes only to essays which they deem worthy of the wide publication it is proposed to give them. I shall send gratuitously condensed information on the subject to all who ask it, and hope that the students of every University, College, and Theological School in the United States, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, will write for these prizes.”

All manuscripts must be received at my offices, 19 Milk St., Boston, on or before March 1, 1895; must be signed with fictitious names and each accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the real name and post-office address of the writer, which will not be opened until the decisions are made.

“It may be in the power of the successful contestants to win for themselves a national reputation, and do honor to the universities, colleges, or schools with which they are connected.

In addition to our Society's humane publications sent you personally, I take pleasure in ordering bound volumes sent to your University, College, and Theological School libraries. If not received in any instance please kindly inform me.

GEO. T. ANGELL,  
President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

October 1st, 1892.

#### A HIGHER HAND.

We should much like to have all who find amusement in shooting, wounding, and killing our wild birds drop in at our offices some day and see a hundred doves come from the belfry of the Old South Church to feed from our hand, permitting us to pat and caress them.

Recently, while we were absent from the city, several of them were found standing on our office table, trying perhaps to find out where we had gone.

On the first day of our taking lodgings, years ago, near the *Arc de Triomphe* at Paris, a beautiful white dove flew in at our window.

The good people who kept the house thought it very singular.

On that same trip it was our privilege to address and urge "The Royal Society" of England to establish a paper similar to "Our Dumb Animals," and later we had the privilege at the *Falls of the Rhine* to assist in naming it "The Animal World."

Later still, while in Paris, we received the first number of this beautiful paper, and as we opened it a little bird, *for the first and only time while in Paris*, came to our window on one of the most crowded streets and sang its sweet song.

"All chance," of course many will say.

*We do not know.*

Things have happened in our humane work, which, if not Providential, were almost miraculous things which seemed to indicate a Higher Power interested.

We wake suddenly in the night with a thought which put in action brings great and good results.

*Whence comes the thought?*

From nowhere and nothing some may say. But we remember the earnest prayers many good women in England, and perhaps many in America, are offering daily for the success of our work.

We remember the two hours through many years given daily by our own good mother to secret prayer.

We remember how when a furious fire threatened to sweep away the whole Vermont village where she then resided, she and other aged Christian women, who could do nothing else, knelt down in her house and prayed the Almighty to save the village, and the wind changed while they were praying and the village was saved.

We look back over the nearly a quarter of a century since we began our humane work and see how it has grown, and is growing, not only in our own country, but over the world, and we ask ourselves cannot He, without whose knowledge "not a sparrow falls to the ground," send, if He pleases, His messengers the birds to cheer and encourage it?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

#### OCTOBER.

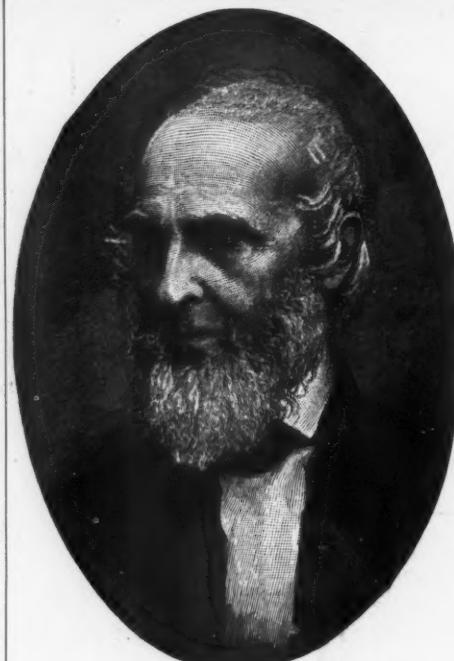
"Tis a banner of gold and scarlet  
October flings to the breeze,  
And none other of all the twelve months  
Can boast such colors as these.

For the trees that through all the summer  
Have been dressed in the darkest green,  
Now hanging with red and yellow  
In most gorgeous gowns are seen.

The golden-rod flames by the roadside  
And over the fences old,  
Till each meadow is fast becoming  
The Field of the Cloth of Gold.

And even the sun in his setting,  
When he slowly sinks from view  
And looks over the world of color,  
Has caught the golden hue.

A. S.



*John Greenleaf Whittier*

(Used by kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

#### AT LAST.

When on my day of life the night is falling,  
And in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,  
I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,  
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;  
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,  
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,  
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade and shine,  
And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy Spirit  
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;  
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,  
Nor street of shining gold.  
Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,  
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace,  
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned  
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,  
Some sheltering shade, where sin and striving  
cease,  
And flows forever through heaven's green expanse

The river of Thy peace.  
There from the music round about me stealing,  
I fain would learn the new and holy song,  
And find at last beneath Thy trees of healing,  
The life for which I long.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

#### JOHN G. WHITTIER'S DOG AND MRS. JULIA HOUSTON WEST.

The recent death of our Vice-President and good friend, John G. Whittier, makes the following of interest:—

During Mr. Whittier's recent birthday celebration he was visited among others by Mrs. Julia Houston West, America's celebrated oratorio singer. After dinner, Mrs. West was asked to sing, and seating herself at the piano she began the beautiful ballad of "Robin Adair." She had hardly begun before Mr. Whittier's pet dog came into the room and seating himself by his side watched her as if fascinated. When she finished, he came and put his paw very gravely into her hand and licked her cheek.

"Robin takes that as a tribute to himself," said Mr. Whittier; "his name is 'Robin Adair.'"

From that moment, during Mrs. West's visit, he was her devoted attendant. He kept by her side when she was indoors and accompanied her when she went out to walk. When she went away, he carried her satchel in his mouth to the gate and saw her depart with every evidence of reluctance.—SALIE JOY WHITE, in "Wide Awake."



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over fourteen thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over eight hundred thousand members.

#### PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, *also the name chosen for the "Band" and the name and post-office address [town and State] of the President*:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Copy of *Band of Mercy Songs*.

3. *Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals*, containing many anecdotes.

4. *Eight Humane Leaflets*, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

5. *For the President*, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of *Juvenile Temperance Associations*, and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

#### Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



LITTLE BAREFOOT.

May, under our free government, be wife of the President of the United States some day. Kindly loaned us by "The Moss Engraving Co.," 535 Pearl Street, N.Y. First published in "American Art Printer," 22 College Place, N.Y.

#### [For Our Dumb Animals.]

The following kindly sent us by our good friend, the Master of the Dudley School, Boston, we are assured by him "*is every word true*."

#### A MOTHER'S LOVE.

I am told by Hon. Lewis M. Lillian, of Gorham, Me., that while fishing for land-locked salmon in Sebago Lake last May he was surprised to see a loon with her young one near his canoe.

The anxious mother was employing every artifice to call her child away, but the little one swam so near the fisher that he easily took him aboard in his landing net, and holding him on his knee gently stroked his downy coat to the little fellow's evident satisfaction. Meantime the mother was in an agony of distress. At first, forgetting her native wildness and timidity in her mother's love, she boldly approached the canoe, and, rising in the water till she appeared to stand upon it, furiously flapped her wings, uttering menacing cries. Finding this of no avail she pretended that she was wounded, rolling over in the water and finally lying still as if dead, evidently to attract attention to herself and from her young one. The fisherman, touched by these displays of motherly affection, put the young

loon into the water, which perceiving, the distressed mother instantly came to life and again tried to entice her little one to go with her, but he liked his new acquaintance so well that he remained near the boat, until the fisherman, with a compassion worthy of good Saint Isaac himself, rapidly paddled away for a considerable distance, when he waited to see the outcome of this adventure.

As he withdrew, the mother, with cries of joy, swam to her little one, dove beneath him, and taking him on her back quickly bore him to a safe distance, when she stopped and seemed to be talking to her truant child in very different tones from the "wild, strange hoarse laughter by day and the weird, doleful cry at night" which John Burroughs attributes to this bird. The fisher says he never imagined the loon could produce such soft, sweet, melodious notes as he then heard. Doubtless these notes seemed not less sweet because the hearer's spiritual senses had just been quickened and purified by a merciful act.

*What earthly sound so sweet as those prompted by a mother's love, beast as well as human?*

What heart so hard as not to soften at the memory of a good mother's "soft rebukes with blessings ended!"

L. M. CHASE.

ROXBURY, Sept. 16, 1892.

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, October, 1892.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper, for a public library, reading-room, or the public room of a large hotel, can send us eighteen cents in postage stamps to pay postage, and will receive the volume.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies, of back numbers.

## TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty-cent subscription.

## TO TWENTY THOUSAND.

Our "American Humane Education Society" sends this paper this month to the editors of about twenty thousand newspapers and magazines.

## OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 1652, Boston.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances, to examine our report of receipts which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers, please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to publish this month one hundred and seventy-eight new branches of our "Parent Band of Mercy," making a total of fourteen thousand two hundred and forty.

## TO OUR BANDS OF MERCY.

It is suggested that some teachers in American schools (and we are glad to believe the number must be very small) have attempted to demoralize their pupils by performing totally unnecessary, useless, and cruel experiments on living animals. If any such case should come to the knowledge of officers or members of any of our over fourteen thousand Bands of Mercy, will they kindly give us full particulars.

## BAND OF MERCY SONGS.

Will friends please send us all the good "Band of Mercy" songs they can. (With or without music.) When we get enough we shall put them into the hands of a competent person to select and prepare a new song book.

## "BLACK BEAUTY" PRICES AND WARNING.

Our beautiful cloth-bound Library Edition, twenty-five cents at our offices, thirty cents when sent by mail; Board Edition, twelve cents at our offices, twenty cents when sent by mail; Italian Edition, ten cents at our offices, fourteen cents when sent by mail; Anna Sewell Edition, with her photograph and autograph, also our regular Old Gold Edition, six cents at our offices, ten cents when sent by mail. Lower prices when large numbers are ordered.

Various publishers, taking advantage of our wide presentation and advertisement, have issued spurious editions of "Black Beauty," leaving out the Codman letter and all the humane pictures and information which constitute an important part of our book, and substituting advertisements of corsets, medical discoveries, pills, etc., etc. Don't buy them.

## SEPTEMBER DIRECTORS' MEETING.

At the September meeting of Directors of the "American Humane Education Society" held yesterday, it was, on recommendation of President Angell, voted to offer to all students in American Universities, Colleges, and Theological Seminaries in the United States, prizes to the amount of seven hundred dollars for the best essays on "The Importance of Humane Education in our Higher Institutions of Learning, and the Best Practical Plans of Promoting it," also to send to all their Presidents and college libraries bound volumes of the Society's humane publications.

One hundred and seventy-eight new "Bands of Mercy" had been formed during the month, making the total formed 14,240.

At the September meeting of the "Mass. S. P. C. A. Animals," held at the same time, President Angell reported that during the month the Boston agents had dealt with 335 cases of cruelty, taken 52 horses from work, and mercifully killed 24 horses and 52 smaller animals.

## FROM THE ATTORNEY GENERAL.

ATTORNEY GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT,  
COMMONWEALTH BUILDING, BOSTON, Sept. 22, 1892.

MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

Unless you have come across it before, you will be interested to learn of what is perhaps the earliest legislation in this country against cruelty to animals. In the Connecticut code of 1650 (commonly called the Blue Laws, and many of them are blue enough) is this enactment:

"It is ordered by this court, and authority thereof, that no man shall exercise any tiranny or cruelty towards any brute creatures, which are usually kept for the use of man."

This ought to go far toward redeeming the reputation of the men who punished with death the offenses of witchcraft, profane swearing, and the "cursing or smiting" of its parent by any child over 16 years of age.—Very truly yours,

A. E. PILLSBURY.

GEORGE T. ANGELL, Esq.

## OUR AUDIENCE PERHAPS THE MOST IMPORTANT IN THE WORLD.

In September we gave reasons why this little paper of ours reaches perhaps the most important audience in the world.

If any of our readers did not see that article we shall be happy to send them a copy.

## THE CARNEGIE CONFLICT.

September "Our Dumb Animals" contained an editorial on "The Carnegie Conflict" and the importance of humanely educating both rich and poor in America, which closed thus: "Will the 20,000 editors to whom this paper goes, urge their respective readers to form 'Bands of Mercy' in the schools and Sunday schools of every city and town in America, and write me for such aid as they may need?"

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

## FUN FOR THE FASHIONABLES AT BAR HARBOR.

("Boston Herald," Aug. 30th.)

BAR HARBOR, ME., Aug. 29, 1892.—The event of to-day was the entertainment given by the Turkish minister, Navroyen Bey, and his friend, Mr. Frederick Disdati Thompson, on Bar Island, which was, in its character, a high compliment to the intelligence and refinement of the elite of Bar Harbor.

The guests were ferried over to the Canoe Club house in small steamers.

Adjournment was then made to an open field, where several races were run. The first was known as an "animal race." The animals, provided by the Bey and Mr. Thompson, were a calf, a lamb, a goat, a puppy, a cat, a goose, a cock, a hen, a pigeon, an American eagle and an alligator. Each was tied by a string, and driven over the course by a young lady. The puppy and the 'gator showed their good sense by refusing to budge; the eagle, whose wings were clipped, flew until exhausted, and then fell to the ground and snapped at his tormentors, who prodded him with sticks. He was then impelled forward by being thrown into the air several times. The calf was taken through the streets in a manner forbidden by the laws of some States, though no one here seems to know if it is so forbidden by the State of Maine. Its legs were tied, and it was thrown on its side, its head hanging.

[Need of humane education.—EDITOR.]



THE HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD.

## MISS CLARA BARTON,

PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS.

We are glad to present to our readers a sketch of one of the most distinguished women of our time, and from a three column article in the Boston *Herald* the following facts: She was born in Oxford, Mass. While still young she distinguished herself by practically founding the public schools of Borden Town, New Jersey. At the beginning of our civil war she worked for the government at Washington, refusing to take any pay for her services.

When Miss Barton went into the overcrowded hospitals in and around Washington and saw the wretchedness and suffering there, she gave up all other ideas of work and consecrated her powers to the care of the soldiers. From that time on till the surrender at Appomattox her history is the history of the armies of the East. She was not only a nurse whose tender personal services endeared her to the soldiers she cared for, but she was the organizer of nurses and of a field hospital service at the very front, more efficient than any known up to that time.

It was soon recognized that she did her work as efficiently and as economically as such work could be done, and naturally the confidence which this inspired gave her strong support of every kind from the generous in the North.

She was more widely known both to the soldiers at the front who did the fighting, and to the soldiers at home who supplied the sinews of war, than any other woman engaged in hospital work, and her reputation, not confined to this country, gave her in Europe the name of the *American Florence Nightingale*. She also aided at Metz at its surrender and in Paris at the close of the siege. At the fall of the commune she returned again to Paris, bringing large quantities of supplies, including clothing manufactured by her poor women in Strasburg and organized a relief service which proved most effective.

Germany gave her the iron cross of merit for service and courage in the field—the only time, I believe, it has ever been given to a woman. At the same time the Empress Augusta gave her a brooch of gold bearing a magnificent topaz surmounted by a small red enamelled cross. The ribbon and cross of the Legion of Honor would have been given her by France, had she been willing to make the customary formal application for it, but this she did not feel, as an American, that she could do. Other decorations and medals and souvenirs were, however, given her in remembrance of her splendid service. She had to rest the latter part of that summer, but in the fall and winter she returned to the destitute cities in the east of France, where she distributed contributions of money intrusted to her for that purpose by Mr. Edmund Dwight, the representative of the "Boston French Relief Fund."

Next she came home and organized "The Red Cross" of America.

All military hospitals under its flag become neutral, and can be neither attacked nor captured. All sick and wounded within them remain unmolested.

Surgeons, nurses, chaplains, attendants, and all non-combatants at a field wearing the accredited insignia of the Red Cross, are protected from capture. Wounded prisoners lying upon a captured field are delivered up to their own army, if desired. All supplies

designed for the use of the sick or wounded of either army, and bearing the sign of the Red Cross, are protected.

All convoys of wounded or prisoners in exchange are safely protected in transit, and, if attacked from ambush or otherwise harmed, an international treaty is broken. All persons residing in the vicinity of a battle about to take place shall be notified by the generals commanding both armies, and full protection, with a guard, assured each house which shall open its doors to the care of the wounded from either army; thus each house becomes a furnished field hospital and its inmates nurses.

Having organized the *American Red Cross*, she began with relief work immediately after the forest fires in Michigan in 1881. Ever since then almost every year has witnessed the benevolent activity of the *Red Cross* in the relief of the people overcome by some calamity of national magnitude. In 1882 the Red Cross Society did a large share of the relief work after the overflow of the Mississippi river; in 1883 after the overflow of the Ohio river, and after the Louisiana cyclone, and in 1884 after overflows in both the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. In 1886 the drought in northwestern Texas, and the Charleston earthquake, demanded and received its attention. In 1887 it went to the relief of the sufferers after the Mt. Vernon (Ill.) cyclone; in 1888 it met the yellow fever epidemic at Jacksonville; in 1889 it did the best relief work that was done at Johnstown, and so on until it has now become recognized as the medium for the charity of the country in all cases where disaster crushes for the time being the power of self-help in any section.

It is of course entirely dependent upon the voluntary and unpledged contributions of the people. Miss Barton has no salary, supporting herself on her private income, and contributing largely as well to the expenditures of the society. All the other officers give equally unselfish service, as do the officers of the half a hundred auxiliary *Red Cross* societies throughout the country. But the *Red Cross* needs no endowment or treasury, for it relies upon the inexhaustible generosity of a Christian country, and has never been disappointed.

We are sorry that we have not space for a longer description of the *holy* work of this Christian woman, who, in our estimation, holds a higher position to-day than all the crowned heads of Europe combined.

We trust this short description, for the credit of American humanity and its influence on the American people, may find a place in each of the about twenty thousand American newspapers and magazines to whom we send it.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

#### THE RED CROSS AND THE ENGINEER'S RISK.

[An incident of the *Red Cross* during the yellow fever epidemic at the South.]

Like an eagle flew the train,  
In the warm November rain,  
Through the sunny Southern land,  
Blasted now on every hand.  
By the fever's scorching breath,  
Dooming multitudes to death.  
  
Quarantined on every side  
Was Macclenny, where had died  
Many a doctor, many a nurse,  
Till it seemed as if a curse,  
Dark as the Almighty's frown,  
Rested on the little town.  
  
Not an engine slackened its speed  
To relieve the awful need,  
For the order stern was given  
That the iron horse be driven  
At his very swiftest pace  
Through the fever-stricken place.  
  
But there came an evening, when  
'Mong the passengers were men  
Wearing on their breast the sign  
Of a ministry divine—  
Just a simple cross, blood red,  
On a fair white surface spread;  
  
Emblem that they knew no fear,  
Counted not their own lives dear,  
Ready were for sacrifice,  
Coming in whatever guise—  
Famine, pestilence, or flood,  
Or other ill allowed of God.  
  
Women, too, the symbol wear  
In their names they boldly dare  
Ask to have the flying train  
Slackened, while into the rain  
Leap they, one by one till ten—  
Women seven and three brave men—  
Stand upon the swampy ground,  
Pitchy darkness all around;  
Nerved by their commander's word,  
Faintly through the tumult heard:  
"Nurses, you know what to do,  
Do your best, and God help you!"

Be the issue life or death,  
None of them once questioneth.  
Groping, stumbling, falling down,  
Up again they seek the town,  
And at midnight enter in;  
Mercy's blessed work begin  
In the pestilential air,  
With a mother's tender care.

Mingling with the falling rain,  
Mingling with the moans of pain,  
Sobs of gratitude are heard,  
As the nurses undeterred,  
Move among the stricken brood,  
Giving medicine and food,  
In His name and for His sake,  
Who constrained them thus to take  
Risk to life and risk to limb,  
Leaping from the train for Him.

So the fever plague was stayed,  
So again the land was made  
Joyous with the bloom of health;  
Gladsome with the priceless wealth  
Of a love poured forth as free  
As the Lord's own ministry.  
FRANCIS J. DYER, in "Youth's Companion."

#### THE TEST.

#### HOW A BRIGHT SCHOLAR WON A COLLEGIATE EDUCATION.

The principal of a school in which boys were prepared for college one day received a message from a lawyer living in the same town, requesting him to call at his office as he wished to have a talk with him.

Arrived at the office, the lawyer stated that he had in his gift a scholarship entitling a boy to a four years' course in a certain college, and that he wished to bestow it where it would be best used.

"Therefore," he continued, "I have concluded to let you decide which boy of your school most deserves it."

"That is a hard question to decide," replied the teacher thoughtfully. "Two of my pupils—Charles Hart and Henry Strong—will complete the course of study in my school this year. Both desire a collegiate education, and neither is able to obtain it without assistance. They are so nearly equal that I cannot tell which is the better scholar."

"How is it as to deportment?" asked the lawyer.

"One boy does not more scrupulously observe all the rules of the school than the other," was the answer.

"Well," said the lawyer, "if at the end of the year one boy has not gone ahead of the other, send them to me and I will decide between them."

As before, at the closing examinations the boys stood equal in attainments. They were directed to call at the lawyer's office, no information being given as to the object of the visit.

Two intelligent well-bred boys they seemed, and the lawyer was beginning to wonder greatly how he should make a decision between them. Just then the door opened, and an elderly lady of peculiar appearance entered. She was well known as being of unsettled mind and possessed of the idea that she had been deprived of a large fortune which was justly hers. As a consequence she was in the habit of visiting lawyer's offices carrying in her hands a package of papers which she wished examined. She was a familiar visitor to this office, where she was always received with respect and dismissed with kindly promises of help.

This morning, seeing that the lawyer was already occupied with others, she seated herself to await his leisure. Unfortunately, the chair she selected was broken and had been set aside as useless.

The result was that she fell in a rather awkward manner, scattering her papers about the floor. The lawyer looked with a quick eye at the boys, before moving himself, to see what they would do.

Charles Hart, after an amused survey of the fall, turned aside to hide a laugh he could not control.

*Henry Strong sprang to the woman's side and lifted her to her feet. Then, carefully gathering up her papers, he politely handed them to her.* Her profuse and rambling thanks served only to increase Charles' amusement.

After the lady had told her customary story, to which the lawyer listened with every appearance of attention, he escorted her to the door and she departed.

Then he returned to the boys, and, after expressing pleasure at having formed their acquaintance, he dismissed them. The next day the teacher was informed of the occurrence, and told that the scholarship would be given to Henry Strong, with the remark: "No one so well deserves to be fitted for a position of honor and influence as he who feels it his duty to help the humblest and the lowliest." — M. E. SAFFOLD, in "Christian Union."



OUR FRIEND'S FRIEND, ROGER.

#### LIVE BIRDS AT THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

We have had correspondence with Director-General Davis, Hon. Ferd. W. Peck, of Chicago, and our good friends General Nettleton, assistant Secretary of the Treasury at Washington, and Mr. David C. Bell, of Minneapolis, who has represented the Exposition to various European governments, in regard to a prize offer for best collections of live birds. The following, received from Mr. Bell this Sept. 19th, is the last we have received on the subject:—

MINNEAPOLIS, Sept. 16, 1892.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:—

I am in receipt of a communication from Mr. George R. Davis, Director-General of the World's Columbian Exposition, in which he says:—

"I have to inform you that the conditions imposed upon this exhibit were intentionally so strict that it is not likely there will be any entries in this class."

"The exhibit is provided for under the classification adopted for the World's Columbian Exposition two years ago by the National Commission, and the Director-General and Chief of Department of Live Stock are simply the executive officers, carrying out the rules and regulations according to the classifications which are imposed by the National Commission. It is proper to inform you that we have as yet no entries in this class, and should there be any entries, ample provision will be made by the authorities of the Exposition to prevent the infliction of any cruelty or suffering on the birds."

Very respectfully yours,

(Signed) GEORGE R. DAVIS,  
Director-General."

I am glad of the opportunity you gave me to say a word in behalf of our 'brothers of the air,' and trust that some good may come of it.—Sincerely yours,  
DAVID C. BELL.

#### THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

Vice-President Missionary Hubbard is now at work in Indiana, but will work in the Southern States this coming winter.

#### OTTAWA, CANADA, BANDS OF MERCY.

We are glad to receive, on September 15th, from the Rev. Dr. Robert Mark, of Ottawa, a list of twenty-one "Bands of Mercy" formed by him, which have in all three thousand two hundred and three members. He also writes us that he hopes very soon to report another three thousand. He thinks, if he had the means he could start a thousand "Bands of Mercy" in Canada.

#### DEMERARA AND NEW HEBRIDES.

#### THE WIDE CIRCULATION OF OUR PUBLICATIONS.

We believe there is hardly a civilized country in the world which has not been reached by some of our publications.

We are getting letters not only from the better known countries, but from places most remote, telling of the pleasure the writers have found in reading them.

At this moment we have before us such letters, from places as far apart as Demerara in "British Guiana," and "The New Hebrides," near Australia.



MUTILATING FOR LIFE.



Note the averted face, the outstretched hand! We can almost hear her say — Begone!!

## DOCKING.

(From "Boston Globe.")

"Any man who is cruel enough to dock a horse's tail deserves to have his employer dock his salary close behind the ears."

## AN IMPORTANT FACT — DOCKING.

"Last year one hundred and two well-defined cases of lockjaw were reported to the Royal S. P. C. A. Animals, England, with a certificate in each case from the attending veterinary that the malady resulted from docking, and one single veterinary stated that out of thirty-one cases of tetanus which he had been called to attend within a year, twenty-seven of these cases resulted from this same brutal custom."

## DOCKING.

(From "Boston Post," September 16.)

Mrs. Robert Treat Paine, Mrs. Augustus Hemenway, Mrs. Louis Agassiz, Mrs. F. R. Sears, Mrs. O. W. Peabody, and a number of other prominent society women have signed a protest against the present practice of docking the tails of horses as a "painful and cruel operation, as a mutilation of the animal for life, and as a fashion devoid of grace and beauty."

All honor to the humanity of the Boston matron. Mr. Angell is using the protest in the work of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

## DOCKING.

The docking of horses' tails by Anglo-maniacs who ape English manners and customs should be made a criminal offence, punishable by imprisonment for not less than one year. Nature provided the horse with a tail to brush off the flies, mosquitoes, and other insects, just as the Creator furnished man with hands to protect himself. There are no mosquitoes and scarcely any flies in Great Britain to bother animals. A man who will wantonly cut a horse's tail should be compelled to stand on a sugar dock in hot weather with his hands tied behind his back, and he would then know the agony and torture a poor horse suffers with nothing but a stump of a tail to drive off these pests and tormentors.—*St. Louis Herald*.

## DOCKING LAWS.

In September we were glad to say that in both the *District of Columbia* and *Illinois* similar laws to ours have now been enacted against docking, namely, *imprisonment in jail not over one year, or fine not less than \$100 nor more than \$250*.

Every man who *authorizes, procures, or commits* this crime becomes thereby a criminal.

In behalf of our Massachusetts Society I am happy to offer \$100 for evidence which shall enable us to convict of this crime.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

## ILLINOIS DOCKING AND WEALTH.

We are glad to notice in the interesting annual report of President John G. Shortall, of "The Illinois Humane Society," the enactment of a law in that State similar to ours against docking, and a suggestion that we have a "Humane Day" [which should be on Sunday] as well as a "Decoration Day."

This is a capital suggestion. Let all our over 14,000 "Bands of Mercy," and all our "Humane Societies," and all our *clergy and teachers* and *Sunday-school teachers* adopt it.

We are glad to notice also that our old friend, Mr. Belden F. Culver, who aided us in the winter of 1870 and '71 in establishing the Society, has now become its secretary.

It seems to us that "The Illinois Society" ought to be about the richest in the world, for on its board of directors we find the names of gentlemen who could give it a million of dollars, and others who could give it a hundred thousand, and hardly miss the money. *It is in their power to make it what it ought to be, one of the mightiest instrumentalities on this Continent and in the world for the protection of property and life and the promotion of peace on earth and good will to every harmless living creature.*

## ANONYMOUS LETTERS — DOCKING.

To anonymous correspondents who take the trouble to endeavor to make us unhappy by writing letters in regard to our attacks on docking, we would say that as another gentleman reads all our letters and we do not ordinarily see one in a dozen that come to us, and he kindly *never shows us any disagreeable ones*, we are in happy ignorance of the views of our anonymous friends on the subject. But we feel it a duty to add that every man or woman who *causes* a horse to be mutilated for life in violation of our Massachusetts law is a criminal, and if discovered is liable to be sentenced to a year's imprisonment in a Massachusetts jail.

## AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY PRIZES.

As the time expires November 1st for competition for the three prizes of \$200 each, offered by our "American Humane Education Society," for the three best and most interesting stories, of not less than 100 "Black Beauty" pages, on the kind and cruel treatment of animals in our Northern, Southern, and Western States and Territories; also, for the three prizes of \$50, \$30, and \$20, for the best three docktail comic songs, we do not republish them in this paper.

## Prizes, \$200 and Perhaps More.

I offer, in behalf of our "American Humane Education Society," four prizes of \$100, \$50, \$30, and \$20 for the four best dialogues embodying the merciful teachings of "Black Beauty," in most attractive form for use in our American schools; giving power to the committee to increase these prizes when the dialogues are made more valuable by songs and music, or an adaptation to the use of stereopticon illustrations.

No prize to be awarded to any dialogue which the committee shall decide to be of too little interest. The dialogues must all be sent to my office on or before December 1st, 1892, must be signed by fictitious names or mottoes, and each be accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name and post-office address of the writer, which will not be opened until after the decision is made.

The committee will be composed of three of the best qualified gentlemen in Boston.

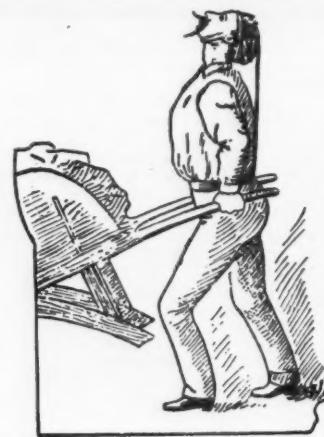
GEO. T. ANGELL.

## REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

We are glad to know that Mr. Timmins is hard at work in England as General Secretary of "The Universal Mercy Band Movement," of which the "Lady Mount Temple" is president, and among the officers of which we notice—The Lady Henry Somerset, The Duke of Westminster, Earl of Meath, The Earl of Onslow, The Lord Chief Justice, The Bishop of Winchester, Sir James Clarke Lawrence, Bart., Hon. A. J. Mundella, M. P., F. D. Mocatta, Esq., Archdeacon Farrar, Hon. Bernard Coleridge, M. P., etc., etc.

## Cases Reported at our Boston Offices in August.

Whole number dealt with, 335; animals taken from work, 52; horses and other animals killed, 76.



HOW DO YOU LIKE IT YOURSELF?

## INDIA.

In September we said that the last annual report of the *Calcutta Society P. C. A.* shows that in the year 1891 this one society prosecuted in that city the enormous number of 8669 cases of cruelty and convicted 8521, and added: If this is the state of things in the city of *Calcutta*, what must it be throughout India, and how important it is to carry humane education into that country, and then published the appeal of *Mrs. Monelle Mansell*, wife of the *Rev. Dr. Mansell*, for thirty years missionary in India, for funds to enable her to print in Hindostani "Black Beauty," which she has already translated, and which, if she can get funds to print, may reach two hundred millions in India.

We can only add that while our "American Humane Education Society" cannot appropriate funds given to us to be used in America, we shall be most glad to acknowledge in this paper and send to *Mrs. Mansell* any funds which may be contributed to aid her.

## GREECE.

In September we published an article on cruelty to animals in Greece, and the importance of translating and circulating "Black Beauty" and other humane publications in that country. We shall be most glad to acknowledge in this paper and use any contributions sent us for that purpose.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## A GOOD LADY

Wants us to publish an account of the erection of a fountain in her town.

We are sorry we cannot for the following reasons:

(1) We have enough matter coming to our table every month to fill four large papers, and can only print one small one.

(2) Our paper goes to about 20,000 cities and towns, and 19,999 of them would take little or no interest in the article, and to the few subscribers in her own town it would be old news.

(3) Our little paper, to be kept up to the high standard which is securing for it readers all over this country, and to some extent in other countries, must select very carefully and put in very condensed form what will be likely to create the widest interest in our humane work.

She was a little Cambridge girl, and not very well acquainted with school discipline. One day she was discovered whispering, and the teacher sent her to an anteroom to meditate on the enormity of her offence. When she was again permitted to join her classmates, the teacher asked, "What were you saying to the girl next to you when I caught you whispering?" The little culprit hung her head for a moment, and then replied, "I was only telling her how nice you looked in your new dress." "Well, that—yes—I know—but we must—the class in spelling will please stand up."—*Boston Herald*.

"Who is it that possesses all knowledge?" asked the Sunday-school teacher. "My brother James," said a diminutive pupil. "He's just home from college."

## BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

To meet a large demand for smaller "Band of Mercy" badge pins suitable to be worn constantly, we now have the two on this page.

The larger in gilt or silver wash costs five cents—the smaller longer one in pure silver, thirty cents.

## DOCKTAILED RUNAWAYS.

Under the above head a short quotation was given from the *Boston Herald* in our September paper, in regard to various accidents to shore teams this summer, with the *Herald's* suggestion that the horses got ugly at the bites of flies which they could not switch off with their docked tails.

We are most happy to learn that Mrs. Slisbee's horse, which took fright near Fride's Crossing, was not docked, neither did it have a check-rein, and we are only sorry to learn that a horse so humanely driven should have taken fright.

## THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM.

### STORY OF A WAR-SONG.

Mr. George F. Root, author of many songs which the people have loved to sing, has lately published an autobiographical "Story of a Musical Life." He heard of President Lincoln's second call for volunteers one afternoon while lying on a lounge at his brother's house. Immediately this song started in his mind, words and tune together:

"Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,  
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom."

I thought it out that afternoon, he says, and wrote it next morning. The ink was hardly dry when the Lombard Brothers—the great singers of the war—came in for something to sing at a meeting that was to be held immediately in the court-house square, just opposite. They went through the new song once, and then hastened to the steps of the court-house.

Jule's magnificent voice gave out the song, and Frank's trumpet tones led the refrain,—

"The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!"

and at the fourth verse a thousand voices were joined in the chorus. From there the song went into the army, and the testimony in regard to its use in the camp and on the march and even on the field of battle, from soldiers and officers, up to generals, and even to the good President himself, made me thankful that if I could not shoulder a musket in defence of my country, I could serve her in this way.

[Let us thank God that such a cruel war between fellow Christians and fellow citizens of our republic is now over, and that the children in over fourteen thousand "Bands of Mercy," South and North, have been and are now singing the "Battle Cries of Mercy." —EDITOR.]

## CITY GIRLS WATER THEIR HORSE.

W. W. Hall, a young farmer near Montpelier, enjoyed himself hugely a few days back in watching a couple of city girls attempt to water their horse at the trough at his place. The horse was checked up, and of course could not get his nose down to the water. This seemed to surprise the young ladies at first, but finally realizing the trouble they both got out of the buggy, and going behind lifted up the hind axle, and after raising the hind wheels clear off the ground peeped around the sides of the vehicle to see the horse drink. Finding that the horse didn't seem to know enough to stick his head down at the same time they raised the hind wheels, one girl remained behind to hold the buggy up and the other went to the horse's head and tried to pull his nose down to the water. After laughing, Will went to their assistance and uncheckered the horse.

The young ladies gazed at first in bewilderment, and then with a kind of a don't-you-ever-tell look at each other calmly tucked the robe around them, leaned back in their seats, and, after waiting for the horse to drink, drove off, leaving Will to sit down on the corner of the trough and ruminant over the city girl and her way of doing things.—*Exchange.*

[We presume these girls would think when a horse's tail is cut off short it will grow again like a beet or a carrot.]

Faith overlooks the difficulties of the way, and bends her eyes only to the end.

A holy act strengthens inward holiness. It is a seed of life growing into more life.



Costs Five Cents.



Costs Thirty Cents.

Little Dick—School teachers hasn't any feelin's at all. Mamma—What is the matter now? Little Dick—Teacher borrowed my new knife to sharpen her pencil, and then gave me a demerit.

## MEDICAL COURTESY.

"Doctor, my little boy is in a very critical state, and I am satisfied that Dr. P. doesn't understand the case. I wish you would come right over and see the boy." "I don't see how I can do it. P. and I were old friends, and in these matters of professional courtesy we have to be mighty careful." "But, great heavens, man, if you don't come the boy may die!" "That's just the point. Suppose I should save the boy, P. would never forgive me." —*Life.*

## SAVED BY A GLOUCESTER DOG.

We find in *The Cape Ann Breeze*, of Sept. 1, an interesting half column.

Mr. John Proctor, an aged citizen, had wandered into the woods, and searching parties with torches, working the entire night, failed to find him. Mr. Moses Meritt, on his way to Magnolia, was driving at 7:30 in the morning past a gravel pit, opposite the great Cedar Swamp, when his large Newfoundland dog sprang at his horse's head, and planting himself directly before the horse, stopped him.

Mr. Meritt dismounted. The dog sprang into the bushes, Mr. Meritt followed, and in a few moments found Mr. Proctor, completely exhausted, and put him in his carriage and drove him home.

## COURAGE OF A SINGER.

Miss Marcolini was singing a solo on the stage of the Grand Theatre at Rotterdam, Holland, when a bunch of artificial flowers caught fire. The flames had almost touched the light waving draperies when Miss Marcolini, without interrupting her song, ran to the place, seized the flaming bunch and extinguished the fire by trampling on it. She had not ceased singing, but now there was such a storm of applause that both she and the orchestra had to stop. A few days after, the insurance societies presented the brave lady with a splendid gold bracelet, set with diamonds, and an album containing the names of those who gave her the bracelet, in recognition of her heroism.

Doctor: "You are overworked. You must stop it." Patient: "I am so accustomed to work that I can't stop." Doctor: "Then get a position as city laborer on the public streets."



A BAND OF MERCY GIRL.

For this beautiful cut we are indebted to D. Lothrop Co., Boston, publishers of "Wide Awake," etc.

## HUMANITY IN BOSTON STREETS.

Perhaps no better test of the humanity in our streets can be given than this, which occurred this morning:

One of our agents found a lame horse on School Street, and in a few minutes after five gentlemen took the trouble to report the case at our offices.

Contrast this with the state of things in Chicago when we went there in 1870 to form a "Humane Society" in that city. About the time of our arrival a cow was run over by a locomotive engine, and both her fore legs were cut off. She was permitted to lie in a public street all day, surrounded at times by a crowd, some laughing at her and some poking her with sticks.

It makes a vast difference to any city whether it has a live society for the prevention of cruelty to animals or not.

And that is not all. We have had a pleasant call this same morning from General Osborn, personally known to many of our Boston readers, and wish all of them could have heard what he said about the effect on our drivers of the circulation of "BLACK BEAUTY," and the other humane education we have been sending out so widely through our public schools and elsewhere. How much more courteous, kind, and considerate they now are, not only to their horses but to each other.

The time will come when the nation's thinkers will see that there is no way under Heaven through which we can more effectually reach all classes of men, and particularly those that churches and Sunday schools do not reach, and make them merciful in all the relations of life, than by leading them to say kind words and do kind acts a hundred times a day to the dumb creatures by whom they are surrounded.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## A SECOND TRIAL.

## A COLLEGE SCENE.

It was commencement at G—— College. The people were pouring into church as I entered it, rather tardy. Finding the choice seats in the centre of the audience room already taken, I pressed onward, looking to the right and to the left for a vacancy. On the very front row of the seats I found one.

Here a little girl moved along to make room for me, looking into my face with large gray eyes, whose brightness was softened by very long lashes. Her face was open and fresh as a newly-blown rose before sunrise. Again and again I found my eyes turning to the rose-like face, and each time the gray eyes moved, half-smiling, to meet mine. Evidently the child was ready to "make up" with me. And when, with a bright smile, she returned my dropped handkerchief, we seemed fairly introduced. Other persons, now coming into the seat, crowded me quite close up against the little girl, so that we soon felt very well acquainted.

"There's going to be a great crowd," she said to me.

"Yes," I replied; "people always like to see how schoolboys are made into men."

Her face beamed with pleasure and pride as she said:

"My brother's going to graduate: he's going to speak; I've brought these flowers to throw to him."

They were not greenhouse favorites; just old-fashioned domestic flowers, such as we associate with the dear grandmothers; "but," I thought, "they will seem sweet and beautiful to him for his little sister's sake."

"That is my brother," she went on, pointing with her nosegay.

"The one with the light hair?" I asked.

"Oh no," she said smiling and shaking her head in innocent reproof; "not that homely one with red hair; that handsome one with brown wavy hair. His eyes look brown, too; but they are not—they are dark blue. There! he's got his hand up to his head now. You see him, don't you?"

In an eager way she looked from me to him, as if some important fate depended upon my identifying her brother.

"I see him," I said, "he's a very good-looking brother."

"Yes, he's beautiful," she said with artless delight, "and he's good, and he studies so hard. He has taken care of me ever since mamma died. Here is his name on the programme. He is not the valedictorian, but he has an honor for all that."

I saw in the little creature's familiarity with these technical college terms that she had closely identified herself with her brother's studies, hopes, and successes.

"He thought at first," she continued, "that he would write on 'The Romance of Monastic Life.'"

What a strange sound these long words had whispered from her childish lips! Her interest in her brother's work had stamped them on the child's memory, and to her they were ordinary things.

"But then," she went on, "he decided that he would rather write on 'Historical Parallels,' and he's got a real good oration, and he says it beautifully. He has said it to me a great many times. I most know it by heart. Oh! it begins so pretty and so grand. This is the way it begins," she added, encouraged by the interest she must have seen in my face: "Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find a turn of Destiny's hand."

"Why, bless the baby!" I thought, looking down into her proud face. I can't describe how very odd and elish it did seem to have those sonorous words rolling out of the smiling infantile mouth.

The band, striking up, put an end to the quotation and to the confidences.

As the exercises progressed, and approached nearer and nearer the effort on which all her interest was concentrated, my little friend became excited and restless. Her eyes grew larger and brighter, two deep red spots glowed on her cheeks. She touched up the flowers, manifestly making the offering ready for the shrine.

"Now it's his turn," she said, turning to me a face in which pride and delight and anxiety seemed equally mingled. But when the overture was played through, and his name was called, the child seemed in her eagerness to forget me and all the earth beside him. She rose to her feet and leaned forward for a better view of her beloved as he mounted to the speaker's stand. I knew by her deep breathing that her heart was throbbing in her

throat. I knew, too, by the way her brother came to the front that he was trembling. The hands hung limp; his face was pallid and the lips blue, as with cold. I felt anxious. The child, too, seemed to discern that things were not well with him. Something like fear showed in her face.

He made an automatic bow. Then a bewildered, struggling look came into his face, then a helpless look, and then he stood staring vacantly, like a somnambulist, at the waiting audience. The moments of painful suspense went by, and still he stood as if struck dumb. I saw how it was; he had been seized with stage fright.

Alas! little sister! She turned her large dismayed eyes upon me. "He's forgotten it," she said. Then a swift change came into her face; a strong, determined look; and on the funeral-like silence of the room broke the sweet child voice:

"Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces that make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand!"

Everybody about us turned and looked. The breathless silence; the sweet, childish voice; the childish face, the long, unchildlike words, produced a weird effect.

But the help had come too late; the unhappy brother was already staggering in humiliation from the stage. The band quickly struck up, and waves of lively music were rolled out to cover the defeat.

I gave the sister a glance in which I meant to show the intense sympathy which I felt, but she did not see. Her eyes, swimming with tears, were on her brother's face. I put my arm around her. She was too absorbed to feel the caress, and before I could appreciate her purpose she was on her way to the shame-stricken young man, sitting with a face like a statue's.

When he saw her by his side the set face relaxed and a quick mist came into his eyes. The young men got closer together to make room for her. She sat down beside him, laid her flowers on his knee and slipped her hand in his.

I could not keep my eyes from her sweet, pitying face. I saw her whisper to him, he bending a little to catch her words. Later, I found out that she was asking him if he knew his "piece" now, and that he answered yes.

When the young man next on the list had spoken, and while the band was playing, the child, to the brother's great surprise, made her way up the stage steps, and pressed through the throng of professors and trustees and distinguished visitors, up to the college president.

"If you please, sir," she said with a little courtesy, "will you and the trustees let my brother try again? He knows his 'piece' now."

For a moment the president stared at her through his gold-bowed spectacles, and then, appreciating the child petition, he smiled on her and went down and spoke to the young man who had failed.

So it happened that when the band had again ceased playing, it was briefly announced that Mr. —— would now deliver his oration—"Historic Parallels."

"Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which?" This little sister whispered to him as he rose to answer the summons.

A ripple of heightened and expectant interest passed over the audience, and then all sat stone-still, as though fearing to breathe lest the speaker might again take fright. No danger. The hero in the youth was aroused. He went at his "piece" with a set purpose to conquer, to redeem himself, and to bring back the smile into the child's tear-stained face. I watched the face during the speaking. The wide eyes, the parted lips, the whole rapt being said that the breathless audience was forgotten, that her spirit was moving with his.

And when the address was ended with the ardent abandonment of one who catches enthusiasm in the realization that he is fighting down a wrong judgment and conquering a sympathy, the effect was really thrilling. That dignified audience broke into rapturous applause; bouquets, intended for the valedictorian, rained like a tempest. And the child who had helped to save the day—that one beaming little face, in its pride and gladness, is something to be forever remembered.

## WE PITY THE DOG.

In the Steuben, Indiana, "Republican," of Sept. 7, we find this: Auburn will have a balloon ascension every day of the fair. A man and a dog will go up in the balloon and descend in separate parachutes. *We pity the dog.*

## THE PREVENTION OF CHOLERA.

The following, which appeared in Boston daily papers of Sept. 3 and 5, is worth preserving by our readers:—

## IT WON'T DO ANY HARM TO TRY SULPHUR IN YOUR STOCKINGS.

Although it is not probable that cholera will reach this country this year and we hope may not next, yet I think it worth while to say to our physicians and health boards that some years ago Casey Young, Member of Congress from Memphis, Tenn., told me that, during the great yellow fever epidemic at Memphis, in which I believe thousands died, he and various other gentlemen of his acquaintance saved their lives by constantly wearing powdered sulphur in their stockings, while others of his acquaintance who refused to use it died.

In one instance he stated that out of a considerable number of gentlemen assembled in his office, who discussed the subject, every one who used the sulphur escaped, and every one who did not had the fever.

It is well known that a few doses of sulphur taken internally will pass through the body, clothing, and pocketbook, and so blacken the silver in the pocketbook as to make its reception doubtful. It is also equally well known that men working in malarial districts in sulphur escape malaria. I think it my duty to state these facts, which may be of value in preventing sickness and saving life.

When the gripe was prevailing here last winter I had inquiry made at Byam's Boston match factory, where 43 persons are employed working in a sulphur atmosphere, and found that not one had been attacked by the gripe.

I simply submit this statement for the consideration of our medical men and health boards, thinking it may possibly do good and certainly can do no harm.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

In the *Boston Evening Transcript* of the same date appeared a long letter from Dr. J. A. Pirlot, M. D., who was sent as delegate from Paris to investigate the great cholera plague in Italy in 1874.

From this letter I take the following: "The microbes or bacilli of the cholera become dried up whenever they are brought in contact with sulphur combined with citric acid. This discovery has rescued thousands from the pangs of certain death.

I give here the formula of a preparation that will prevent the cholera from spreading: it is a good purifier: can be had anywhere at the cost of a few cents; it is as follows:—

Sublimed sulphur ..... 2 ounces.  
Citric acid ..... 1 drachm.  
Common simple syrup ..... 8 ounces.  
Distilled water ..... 8 ounces.

A dessert spoonful to be taken in the morning before breakfast and another at bedtime. If these lines are heeded they will prove of great service, and will be the means of saving many a life."

In the Boston daily papers of Sept. 15th and 16th I added the following:—

## THE EFFECT OF SULPHUR ON CHOLERA.

A few days since in our Boston dailies I called the attention of physicians and health boards to the testimony of the Hon. Casey Young, of Memphis, in regard to protection against yellow fever by wearing powdered sulphur constantly in the stockings, also evidence in regard to its protecting against the gripe.

A friend now brings me a medical book written by Constantine Herling, an eminent German physician and medical writer, and which has been translated and republished in America, in which I find, under the head of Asiatic (or epidemic) cholera, the following:

"Put half a teaspoonful of flowers of sulphur into each of your stockings, eat no fresh bread nor sour food.

"This is not only a preventive in cholera but also in many other epidemic diseases. Not one of the many thousands who have followed this advice have been attacked by cholera."

I find in the London *Lancet* that no less an authority than the president of the Institute of Civil Engineers, London, declares that the sulphurous vapor produced by the combustion of coal in that city kills the disease germs in the atmosphere. A Boston gentleman writes me that he has been entirely cured of rheumatism, after all other remedies failed, by wearing sulphur in his shoes. I think it can do no harm and may do some good to publish this information.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## EXTRACT FROM MR. ANGELL'S ADDRESS

TO THE ANNUAL MEETING OF "THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SUPERINTENDENTS OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS," AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Nearly all the criminals of the future, the thieves, burglars, incendiaries, and murderers, are now in our schools, and with them the greater criminals who commit national crimes. They are in our schools now, and we are educating them. We can mould them now if we will. To illustrate the power of education: We know that the same boy may be made Protestant, Roman Catholic or Mohammedan. It is simply a question of education. We may put into his hands whips, guns, and swords, or may teach him as the Quakers do, that war and cruelty are crimes. We may teach him to shoot the song-bird in springtime, with its nest full of young, or we may teach him to feed the bird and spare its nest. We may go into the schools now with book, picture, song, and story and make neglected boys merciful, or we may let them drift, until as men they become sufficiently lawless and cruel to throw our railway trains off the track, place dynamite under our dwelling-houses or public buildings, assassinate our President, burn half our city, or involve the nation in civil war.

"Is it not largely, if not wholly, a question of education?

"I am sometimes asked, 'But why do you spend so much of your time and money in talking about kindness to animals, when there is so much cruelty to men?' And I answer, 'I am working at the roots.' Every humane publication, every lecture, every step, in doing or teaching kindness to them, is a step to prevent crime,—a step in promoting the growth of those qualities of heart which will elevate human souls, even in the dens of sin and shame, and prepare the way for the coming of peace on earth and good will to men.

\* \* \*

"Standing before you as the advocate of the lower races, I declare what I believe cannot be gainsaid—that just so soon and so far as we pour into all our higher and lower schools the songs, poems, and literature of mercy, just so soon and so far shall we reach the roots not only of cruelty but of crime.

## TWO KINDS OF ARMIES.

From address of Geo. T. Angell to "The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union," at Nashville, Tenn., Nov., 1887.

There are two kinds of armies in the world—armies of cruelty and armies of mercy.

Of one kind are the armies of war.

For thousands of years they have been marching on to battlefields for the purpose of destroying human life.

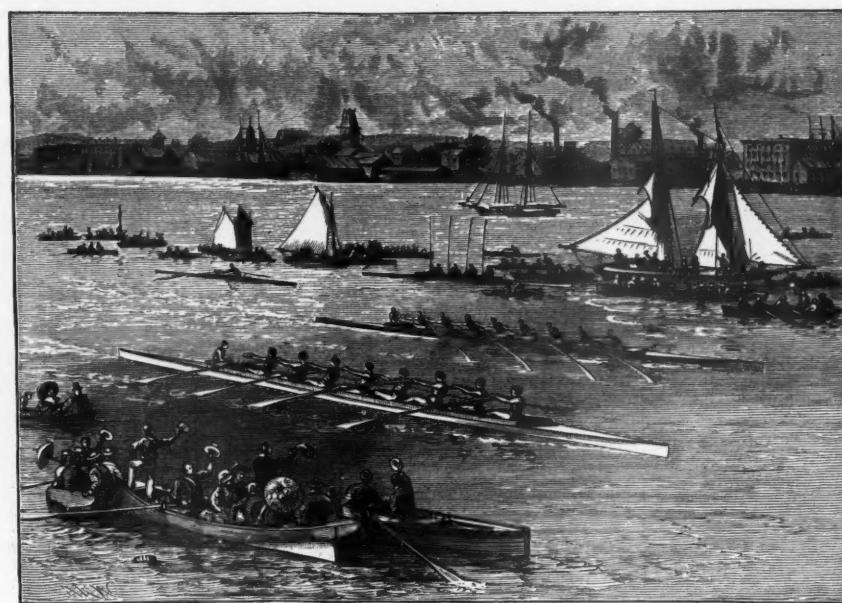
Personally, the individuals composing those armies have had no cause of offence; personally, they might have been friends. Many of them have belonged to the same Christian churches and have been looking forward to an inheritance in the same heaven.

Yet at the command of politicians they have marched on to battlefields to kill each other, and the armies which could kill the greater number—pile the battlefields with the largest heaps of dead and wounded horses and men—have won glorious victories, and costly monuments have been erected to tell future generations what a noble thing it is for Christian men to kill each other in this way.

But within the past few years something new has come on to these battlefields, and the distant spectator looking over the smoke of the battle has seen floating from the top of some high building a white flag with a red cross on it.

What does that mean?

It means another army, on that battlefield, seeking to save the lives which the others are



THE COLLEGE BOAT RACE.

seeking to destroy—going out with stretchers—bringing in the wounded—binding up the wounds—taking messages to the wives and mothers at home—speaking words of comfort and cheer to the dying.

It is one division of the great army of mercy.

## SLEEP.

As many readers of "Our Dumb Animals" have never read our "Autobiographical Sketches," and as doubtless many of them suffer more or less from inability to sleep, we think it worth while to republish the following from the Augusta, Ga., "Evening Herald," of August 29th:—

## SLEEP.

"In this very interesting pamphlet of autobiography, detailing with proper modesty the work of a lifetime, that, so far as we know, in its particular orbit, is unmatched in mercy and usefulness the world over, Mr. George T. Angell says:—

There are certainly tens of thousands, and probably hundreds of thousands, who suffer through life in greater or less degree from inability to sleep. Some take narcotics, opiates, anesthetics. For the benefit of those who do not, I will say that I suppose there are very few in this country who have slept less than I have; but I have never taken anything to stupefy, and I am now in my sixty-ninth year, while thousands of good sleepers I have known have long since gone to the last sleep that knows no waking here. It was undoubtedly wise to change my professional life from court to office practice; but in other matters I was compelled to choose between living the life of a vegetable, or losing sleep; and I chose the latter.

In the founding of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, I had very little sleep for several months; in England no more, and I was often so weak that I could not walk the streets without dizziness. My attacks on adulteration were full of wakeful nights; and my lectures and addresses have rarely failed to cost me in delivery one or two nights of little or no sleep, and in preparation often many nights of little sleep.

But I am alive, in my sixty-ninth year, and able to work; and thankful that, while there are so many headaches and heartaches in the world, my life seems to grow happier as I grow older. I have no desire for rest; on the contrary, my wish is to be usefully and happily employed through eternity.

This statement ought to be read by millions and beneficially availed of. It will comfort many thousands who suffer from insomnia, and it may

prevent the use of soporifics that do much more harm than good. It seems to prove that the soundest sleepers are not the longest lived, and that man can do with much less slumber than he thinks for, just as he can be better sustained with little than much food. Mr. Angell is like the good old French bishop, who, when impeded to work less and sleep more, promptly replied: 'No! no! I cannot do that. Have I not all eternity to rest in?'

[For the benefit of the non-sleepers who think they must take drugs, we add that we have laid awake hundreds, and perhaps a thousand nights—gone weeks at a time with scarcely any sleep—and think we do well any night when we get four hours. Yet we are now in our seventieth year and hope to be able to write and work in our eightieth.

We have recently seen quoted from "The St. James' Gazette," London, that neither Jeremy Taylor or Cardinal Newman required over three hours' sleep.

An eminent Boston physician recently said to us: "It is not the loss of sleep that troubles people half so much as their worrying about it."

## ANSELM AND THE HARE.

Anselm, the priest from Italy,  
He whom the poet Dante named  
The greatest saint in paradise,  
He whose high wisdom justly claimed  
Obedience from monks and kings,  
Rode, as it chanced upon a day,  
Where stately English trees outstretched  
Their spreading boughs along the way.  
From out the wood there rushed a hare,  
With following huntsmen on her track;  
A voice and hand were lifted up,  
The good priest bade the men stand back.  
They paused, amazed, for wild with fright,  
The trembling creature swiftly sprang  
Beneath his horse, as if she saw  
Her hopes of safety on him hung.  
"Behold," he spake with gentle voice,  
"How she beneath my horse's feet  
Hath sought a refuge. Think ye not,  
To send her safely forth were meet?  
In need man flees to God for aid;  
That mercy which he seeks on high  
Shall he not grant the timorous beast  
That fearful shrinks, afraid to die?"  
Then sped the hare into the wood,  
With bounding leaps and nerves astrain,  
And, with a blessing for each man,  
Anselm, the priest, rode on again.

GULIELMA ZOLLINGER, in "Independent."

Physician: "Take plenty of exercise and a mild tonic—say a bottle of claret every day." Patient: "Oh no! I can't do that. The fact is I was in the wine business myself once and know how it's made."

"Our Dumb Animals" ought to have a million or more readers.—Camden, N. J., Review.

"Our Dumb Animals" is a paper which should be read by college students.—The Cornelian.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF  
THE BANDS OF MERCY?  
I answer: To teach and lead

every child and older person to  
seize every opportunity to say a  
kind word, or do a kind act that

will make some other human being  
or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

14063 Snyder, Ind.  
Methodist S. S.  
Excelsior Band.  
*P.*, Peter Vandembach.  
14064 I'll Try Band.  
*P.*, H. C. McKinney.  
14065 Star Band.  
*P.*, Mary Callis.  
14066 Never Fail Band.  
*P.*, Anna Hastings.  
14067 Florence, Ohio.  
*E*sop Band.  
*P.*, Bessie Taylor.  
14068 Minneapolis, Minn.  
Cheerful Workers Band.  
*P.*, Susie Weiger.  
14069 Charlevoix, Mich.  
Codman Band.  
*P.*, Mrs. G. S. Barnes.  
14070 Sidney, N. Y.  
Columbian Band.  
*P.*, Earl S. Fowler.  
14071 Knoxville, Iowa.  
Knoxville Band.  
*P.*, Julius Cohn.  
14072 Otego, N. Y.  
Harris Band.  
*P.*, Daisy Harris.  
14073 Nineveh, N. Y.  
Working Band.  
*P.*, Leon S. Horton.  
14074 Grand Rapids, Mich.  
S. Grand Rapids Band.  
*P.*, Blanche Rouse.  
14075 Otego, N. Y.  
Otego Band.  
*P.*, Irene Coggshall.  
14076 Otego, N. Y.  
Humane Band.  
*P.*, Mabel J. Fuller.  
14077 Appleton Band.  
*P.*, G. May Fuller.  
14078 W. Bainbridge, N. Y.  
Pansy Band.  
*P.*, Nina Bentley.  
14079 Glenwood, Fla.  
Glenwood Band.  
*P.*, J. P. Prince.  
14080 Unadilla Centre, N. Y.  
Idumea Band.  
*P.*, Effie M. Dunlap.  
14081 Alexandria, Ind.  
Methodist S. S.  
Golden Rule Band.  
*P.*, J. C. Condo.  
14082 Excelsior Band.  
*P.*, T. M. Judson.  
14083 I'll Try Band.  
*P.*, T. H. Jones.  
14084 Never Fail Band.  
*P.*, T. A. French.  
14085 Willing Workers Band.  
*P.*, P. P. Painter.  
14086 Lily Band.  
*P.*, Della Line.  
14087 Ross Band.  
*P.*, Miss Free.  
14088 Helping Hand Band.  
*P.*, C. Shirk.  
14089 Wide Awake Band.  
*P.*, J. A. Grindell.  
14090 Hope Band.  
*P.*, N. O. Bryant.  
14091 Pansy Band.  
*P.*, Mrs. Phillips.  
14092 Daisy Band.  
*P.*, Mrs. Jones.  
14093 Sunshine Band.  
*P.*, W. I. Hall.  
14094 Forget-me-not Band.  
*P.*, Miss Newton.  
14095 Sunbeam Band.  
*P.*, Miss O. Bryant.  
14096 Christian S. S.  
Hope Band.  
*P.*, D. F. Doon.  
14097 Golden Rule Band.  
*P.*, J. M. Williams.  
14098 Star Band.  
*P.*, B. Abbott.  
14099 Pansy Band.  
*P.*, Mrs. Carver.  
14100 Violet Band.  
*P.*, Mrs. Gordon.  
14101 Mayflower Band.  
*P.*, Mrs. Finch.  
14102 Rose Band.  
*P.*, Miss Carver.  
14103 I'll Try Band.  
*P.*, E. E. Edwards.  
14104 Willing Workers Band.  
*P.*, B. B. Maynard.  
14105 Daisy Band.  
*P.*, Mrs. Corter.  
14106 Verbena Band.  
*P.*, Mrs. Edwards.  
14107 Presbyterian S. S.  
Rose Band.  
*P.*, E. E. Ruble.  
14108 Tulip Band.  
*P.*, M. C. Lewis.  
14109 Violet Band.  
*P.*, Mr. Gamble.



A SCENE FROM LONGFELLOW'S "EVANGELINE."

By kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

14110 Forget-me-not Band.  
*P.*, Dr. Strauss.  
14111 Mayflower Band.  
*P.*, Miss Carter.  
14112 Talladega, Ala.  
Orphans Band.  
*P.*, Hattie Lindsey.  
14113 Norwich, N. Y.  
Hope Band.  
*P.*, Mabel Benedict.  
14114 Norwich, N. Y.  
Rose Band.  
*P.*, Robt. Q. Meeker.  
14115 Oak Lawn, R. I.  
Moshanticut Band.  
*P.*, Henrietta M. Brayton.  
14116 Otego, N. Y.  
Black Beauty Band.  
*P.*, Bertha Benedict.  
14117 Mechanicsburg, Va.  
Mechanicsburg Band.  
*P.*, Robt. Penley.  
14118 Somerville, Mass.  
Gazelle Band.  
*P.*, Ethel Richardson.  
14119 Tacoma, N. Y.  
Merry Band.  
*P.*, Bertram Gifford.  
14120 Dalton, Ga.  
Our Dumb Animal Band.  
*P.*, Hermina Harper.  
14121 Masonville, N. Y.  
Home Band.  
*P.*, Guy V. Wilson.  
14122 Sidney, N. Y.  
Faith Band.  
*P.*, Clara Hilsinger.  
14123 Unadilla, N. Y.  
Pansy Band.  
*P.*, Jennie C. Hoffman.  
14124 Walton, N. Y.  
Earnest Workers Band.  
*P.*, Lyman Odgen.  
14125 Hammon, Ind.  
Methodist S. S.  
I'll Try Band.  
*P.*, Mr. Streeter.  
14126 Never Fail Band.  
*P.*, Mrs. Nason.  
14127 Willing Workers Band.  
*P.*, Mrs. Meade.  
14128 Golden Rule Band.  
*P.*, Mrs. Winslow.  
14129 Wide Awake Band.  
*P.*, Miss Barton.  
14130 Helping Hand Band.  
*P.*, Miss Weed.  
14131 Excelsior Band.  
*P.*, Mr. Parker.  
14132 Longfellow Band.  
*P.*, Mr. Kersey.  
14133 Lily Band.  
*P.*, Miss Parks.  
14134 Rose Band.  
*P.*, Miss Bump.  
14135 Tulip Band.  
*P.*, Miss Sohl.  
14136 Violet Band.  
*P.*, Mrs. Dako.  
14137 Pansy Band.  
*P.*, Mrs. Streeter.  
14138 Forget-me-not Band.  
*P.*, Mrs. Parker.  
14139 Golden Rule Band.  
*P.*, Mr. Fleming.  
14140 Sunshine Band.  
*P.*, Miss Campbell.  
14141 Hop Band.  
*P.*, Mrs. B. Gero.  
14142 Star Band.  
*P.*, Mrs. Gray.  
14143 Willing Workers Band.  
*P.*, Mr. Gillett.  
14144 Helping Hand Band.  
*P.*, Mr. Hewitt.  
14145 Wide Awake Band.  
*P.*, Mr. Gray.  
14150 Sunbeam Band.  
*P.*, Miss Weaver.  
14151 Never Fail Band.  
*P.*, Miss Gray.  
14152 I'll Try Band.  
*P.*, Miss Kingsley.  
14153 Congregational S. S.  
Excelsior Band.  
*P.*, R. P. Twiss.  
14154 Golden Rule Band.  
*P.*, Mr. Hutton.  
14155 I'll Try Band.  
*P.*, J. A. Cole.  
14156 Sunshine Band.  
*P.*, Mrs. Timmons.  
14157 Never Fail Band.  
*P.*, Miss Osley.  
14158 Christian S. S.  
Geo. Washington Band.  
*P.*, J. W. Dydard.

14159 Forget-me-not Band.  
*P.*, Mrs. Young.  
14160 Tulip Band.  
*P.*, Mrs. Brunswick.  
14161 Rose Band.  
*P.*, Mrs. Pugh.  
14162 Violet Band.  
*P.*, Mrs. Mathis.  
14163 Lily Band.  
*P.*, Mrs. Jones.  
14164 Pansy Band.  
*P.*, Miss Weeks.  
14165 Golden Rule Band.  
*P.*, B. L. Polier.  
14166 Helping Hand Band.  
*P.*, J. H. Gillett.  
14167 Mayflower Band.  
*P.*, Daisy Cross.  
14168 German Meth. S. S.  
Golden Rule Band.  
*P.*, A. Peters.  
14169 Helping Hand Band.  
*P.*, Mr. Vogl.  
14170 Busy Workers Band.  
*P.*, Mr. Fischer.  
14171 Presbyterian S. S.  
Verbena Band.  
*P.*, W. B. Reading.  
14172 Snowball Band.  
*P.*, J. S. Blackman.  
14173 Forget-me-not Band.  
*P.*, Mrs. Griffin.  
14174 Mayflower Band.  
*P.*, Mrs. Blackman.  
14175 Tulip Band.  
*P.*, Mr. James.  
14176 Lily Band.  
*P.*, F. M. Elliott.  
14177 Violet Band.  
*P.*, Mrs. Elliott.  
14178 Lutheran S. S.  
Golden Rule Band.  
*P.*, Rev. F. W. Herzberger.  
14179 Hope Band.  
*P.*, Wm. Benhoff.  
14180 Sunshine Band.  
*P.*, Clara Hines.  
14181 New Haven, N. Y.  
New Haven Band.  
*P.*, E. A. Granger.  
14182 Halifax, N. S.  
Wild Rose Band.  
*P.*, Mabel F. Warner.  
14183 Coopersville, Mich.  
Coopersville Band.  
*P.*, Althea Hutchins.  
14184 Antrim, Ont.  
Antrim Band.  
*P.*, Rev. J. H. Stewart.  
14185 Bowesville, Ont.  
Bowesville Band.  
*P.*, R. E. Freeman.  
14186 Montreal, Canada.  
Montreal Band.  
*P.*, Henry Cross.  
14187 Brockville, Ont.  
Rev. J. McKenzie.  
14188 Rev. Dr. Saunders.  
14189 Mr. I. Blanchard.  
14190 Rev. A. G. Dobbs, M. D.  
14191 Rev. James Simpson.  
14192 Rev. Mr. Cameron.  
14193 Rev. Dr. Saunders.  
14194 Rev. Dr. Saunders.  
14195 Montreal, Canada.  
14196 Rev. Mr. Dickson.  
14197 Rev. Dr. Hunter.  
14198 C. C. Holland.  
14199 Wm. Ford.  
14200 Walter Paul.  
14201 George Bishop.  
14202 Geo. Bishop.  
14203 Ottawa, Can.  
Ottawa Band.  
*P.*, M. J. Mark.  
14204 Pembroke, Canada.  
Pembroke Band.  
*P.*, Judge Deacon.  
14205 Wm. Chester, Pa.  
Goshenville Band.  
*P.*, Sue H. Coles.  
14206 Spencer, Ind.  
Public Schools.  
Excelsior Band.  
*P.*, Prot. R. H. Richards.  
14207 Lily Band.  
*P.*, Alice W. Milligan.  
14208 Violet Band.  
*P.*, Wm. M. Crist.  
14209 Rose Band.  
*P.*, Charles E. Crippen.  
14210 George Washington Band.  
*P.*, Ionae Hendershot.  
14211 Forget-me-not Band.  
*P.*, Hala Meek.  
14212 I'll Try Band.  
*P.*, Mollie Jarvis.  
14213 Pansy Band.  
*P.*, Nellie Mullinix.  
14214 Golden Rule Band.  
*P.*, Alice Whitaker.  
14215 Busy Bee Band.  
*P.*, Ada Barton.  
14216 Lincoln Band.  
*P.*, Mr. Wilson.  
14217 Roxbury, Mass.  
Golden Rule Band.  
*P.*, Mrs. H. A. Gibbs.  
14218 Washington, Ind.  
Public Schools.  
Golden Rule Band.  
*P.*, J. Zartman.  
14219 Lily Band.  
*P.*, Mrs. Warrick.

14220 Rose Band.  
*P.*, Berta Dyer.  
14221 Violet Band.  
*P.*, Miss E. Owen.  
14222 Tulip Band.  
*P.*, Miss McLauen.  
14223 Pansy Band.  
*P.*, Ada Crook.  
14224 Daisy Band.  
*P.*, Jessie Hays.  
14225 Rosebud Band.  
*P.*, Ada Little.  
14226 Switz City, Ind.  
Public Schools.  
I'll Try Band.  
*P.*, Walter Rector.  
14227 Never Fail Band.  
*P.*, Maude Clark.  
14228 Willing Workers Band.  
*P.*, Charles Brandon.  
14229 Sullivan, Ind.  
Public Schools.  
Excelsior Band.  
*P.*, S. E. Haines.  
14230 Longfellow Band.  
*P.*, C. A. Freeman.  
14231 I'll Try Band.  
*P.*, Bailey Hawkins.  
14232 Rose Band.  
*P.*, Florence Hawkins.  
14233 Violet Band.  
*P.*, Eva Liston.  
14234 Mayflower Band.  
*P.*, Belle Caffee.  
14235 Lily Band.  
*P.*, Blanche Anderson.  
14236 Pansy Band.  
*P.*, Nellie M. Hanchette.  
14237 Busy Bee Band.  
*P.*, Mame E. Hinkle.  
14238 Rosebud Band.  
*P.*, Nan. B. Wood.  
14239 Golden Rule Band.  
*P.*, Sarah M. Cain.  
14240 Forget-me-not Band.  
*P.*, Carrie Wood.

## THE MASTER'S VOICE.

(From "Donahoe's Magazine.")

The waves were weary, and they went to sleep,  
The winds were hushed,  
The starlight flushed  
The furrowed face of all the mighty deep.

The billows, yester eve so dark and wild,  
Waves strangely now—  
A calm upon their brow—  
Like that which rests upon a cradled child.

The sky was bright, and every single star,  
With gleaming face,  
Was in its place,  
And looked upon the sea—so fair and far.

And all was still—still as a temple dim—  
When low and faint,  
As mourner's plaint,  
Died the last note of Vesper hymn.

A bark slept on the sea, and in the bark  
Slept Mary's Son—  
The only One—  
Whose Face is light where all, all else is dark.

His brow was heavenward turned, His face was fair,  
He dreamed of me,  
On that still sea—  
The stars He made gleamed through His hair.

And lo! a moan moved o'er the mighty deep.  
The sky grew dark!  
The little bark  
Felt all the waves awaking from their sleep.

The winds wailed wild, and wilder billows beat;  
The bark was tossed;  
Shall all be lost?

But Mary's Son slept on, serene and sweet.

The tempest raged in all its mighty wrath,  
The winds howled on,  
All hope seemed gone,  
And darker waves surged round the bark's lone path.

The sleeper woke! He gazed upon the deep—  
He whispered: "Peace!  
Winds—wild waves, cease!  
Be still!" The tempest fled—the ocean fell asleep.

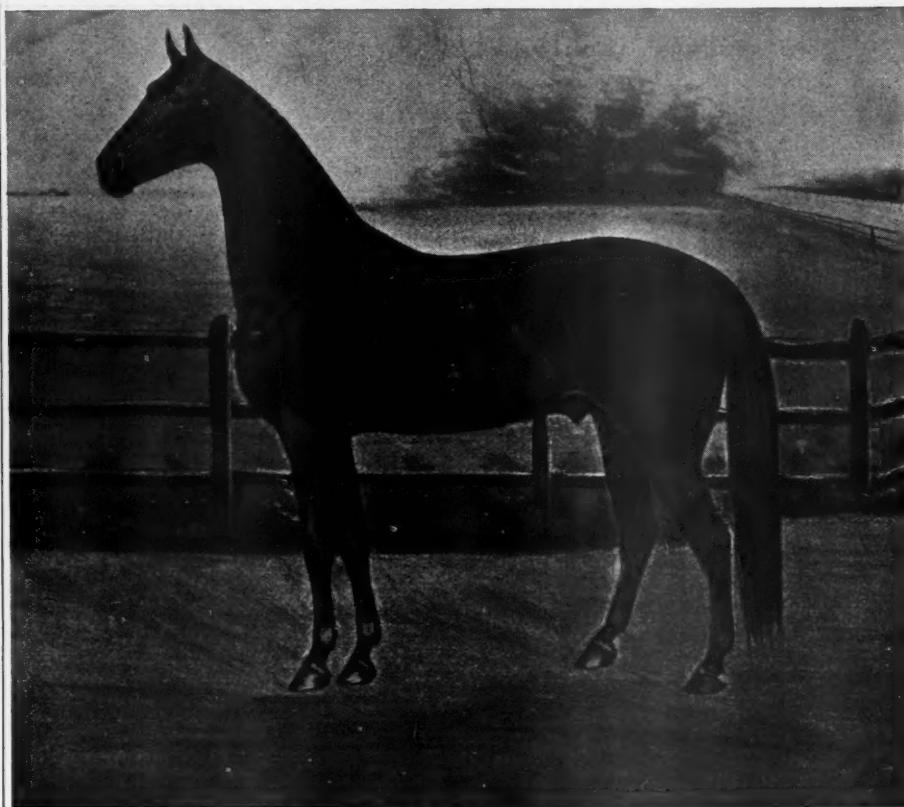
[For Our Dumb Animals.]

## GYPSY'S LOVE OF COMPANIONSHIP.

BY REV. G. T. PHINNEY, OF SALEM, MASS.

A few months ago I bought me a dark roan colt four years of age. As I was his first groom and driver we naturally fell into very warm friendship, and one or two things occurred in our life together of interest to the readers of "Dumb Animals." Last summer I drove him in saddle to Dr. Loring's farm, in South Salem. It was early morning. I felt as if it would do Gypsy good to have the benefit of the fresh June grass. On reaching the pasture I took the saddle off and put him behind the bars. He began to show unusual restlessness, snorted, and pawed the ground. I then coaxed him to the west end of the pasture where other horses were grazing, and left him while I started to return by the same path I had taken. Soon I heard a familiar neighing. Gypsy was in search of his owner, who had disappeared in a clump of bushes. I hastened to the road only to see him coming down the hill in wild excitement. The road ran along the east end of the pasture for an eighth of a mile, so that a good opportunity was afforded to run. Up and down the street frontage he galloped, neighing so sorrowfully that it broke my heart. I stood in the road and watched him. My waiting made him all the more excited. Once more he hurried the length of the field, scanning every rail, measuring with swift eye every distance which seemed favorable to a leap. At last, as I was disappearing around a curve in the road, he came down the field at his best speed, leaped a fence that shut a creek from the pasture, took a path along its edge, leaped to the top of a stone wall and reached the street in high heat and with an air of supreme victory. He did not want to be left alone. I was obliged to take him to Dr. Loring's superintendent and leave him for a while with him until he had recovered a little from the sorrow of being left alone. On another occasion, when riding into the country, where sometimes, when I could get permission, I would put him into a good field to let him graze an hour or two, I hid with my wife in the bushes behind the wall to watch his maneuvers on missing us. He soon discovered we were gone. His head was high in air. It was an earnest search. Through the field in which he was enclosed he ran, threatening to leap the wall or fence at every corner, and I found my only safety was in popping up and giving him the signal that master was on hand. His delight then was like that of a child who had found the one that loved it most.

Horses are not fools. There are more fools on the driver's seat than in the wagon shafts.



## GLENDENNIS.

Owned by Village Farm, East Aurora, N. Y. Loaned us by "Horse World," Buffalo.

## TRUE TO HIS OLD FRIEND.

An old man was leading a thin old horse across the commons in the northern part of the city, when a passer-by asked him where he was going.

"I'm searching for a bit of green for the poor beast," he answered.

"I'd send him to the bone yard or the glue factory," said the other contemptuously.

"Would you?" asked the old man in a trembling voice, "if he had been the best friend you had in the world and helped you to earn food for your family for nearly twenty five years? If the children that's gone and the children that's livin' had played with their arms around his neck and their heads on him for a pillow, when they had no other? Sir, he's carried us to mill and to meetin', an' please God he shall die like a Christian, an' I'll bury him with these old hands. Nobody'll ever abuse old Bill, for if I go afore him there are those who will look after him."

"I beg your pardon," said the man who had accosted him, "there's a difference in people."

"Yes," said the old man, as he passed on with his four-footed friend.

The above incident from the "Detroit Free Press," kindly sent us by our good friend the eminent writer, Mrs. Harriet M. Lothrop, reminds us very pleasantly of a visit to Detroit many years ago. We called first upon the pastor of one of the largest and most influential churches in that city, asking the privilege of speaking Sunday evening in his church in behalf of God's dumb creatures that could not speak for themselves, and who were greatly in need in that city of some one to speak for them.

While he gave us a kind reception, yet he decided, to use his own words, "that he didn't believe the people of that city were quite up to hearing about dumb animals on the Lord's day."

A friend of ours informed the pastor of another church of the decision, and we were immediately invited to occupy his pulpit on the Lord's day. That church was attended by the Governor of the State and the editor of the "Detroit Free Press" and the result was that on the succeeding Sunday evening we had the pleasure of repeating our address in the Opera House to an audience numbering nearly two thousand; one of the results of which was the building up of a society there which has since done an important work in the protection of dumb animals.

GEO. T. ANGEL.

She (to cousin George, who has just returned from the tropics): "O, George, dear, how kind of you to bring me this dear little monkey? How thoughtful you are! But—but—it's just like you!"—Funny Folks.

## DR. JOHNSON, AND HODGE HIS CAT.

Bury and big his books among  
Good Samuel Johnson sat,  
With frowning brows and wig askew,  
His snuff-strewn waistcoat far from new;  
That neither "Black Sam" nor the maid  
To knock or interrupt him dare—  
Yet close beside him, unafraid,  
*Sat Hodge, the cat.*

"This participle," the Doctor wrote,  
"The modern scholar cavils at,  
But"—even as he penned the word  
A soft protesting note was heard.  
The doctor fumbled with his pen,  
The dawning thought took wings and flew;  
The sound repeated came again—  
It was a faint reminding "Mew!"

*From Hodge, the cat.*  
"Poor pussy!" said the learned man,  
Giving the glossy fur a pat,  
"It is your dinner time, I know,  
And—well, perhaps I ought to go;  
For if Sam every day were sent  
Off from his work your fish to buy,  
Why—men are men—he might resent,  
And starve or kick you on the sly—  
*Eh! Hodge, my cat!*"

The dictionary was laid down,  
The doctor tied his vast cravat,  
And down the buzzing street he strode,  
Taking an often-trodden road,  
And halted at a well-known stall:  
"Fishmonger," spoke the doctor gruff,  
"Give me six oysters—that is all;  
Hodge knows when he has had enough—  
*Hodge is my cat.*"

Then home: Puss dined, and while in sleep  
He chased a visionary rat.  
His master sat him down again,  
Rewrote his page, reribbed his pen:  
Each I was dotted, each T crossed,  
He labored on for all to read,  
Nor deemed that time was waste or lost  
Spent in supplying the small need  
*Of Hodge, the cat.*

That dear old doctor, fierce of mien,  
Untidy, arbitrary, fat.  
What gentle thoughts his name enfold!  
So generous of his scanty gold,  
So kind to love, so hot to scorn,  
Kind to all sufferers under Heaven—  
A tenderer despot ne'er was born;  
His big heart held a corner even  
*For Hodge, the cat.*

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

"There goes a man who has saved sixty-three lives." "You don't say?" "Yes, when his house burned down he carried out the family cat and six kittens."—*Indianapolis Journal.*



